

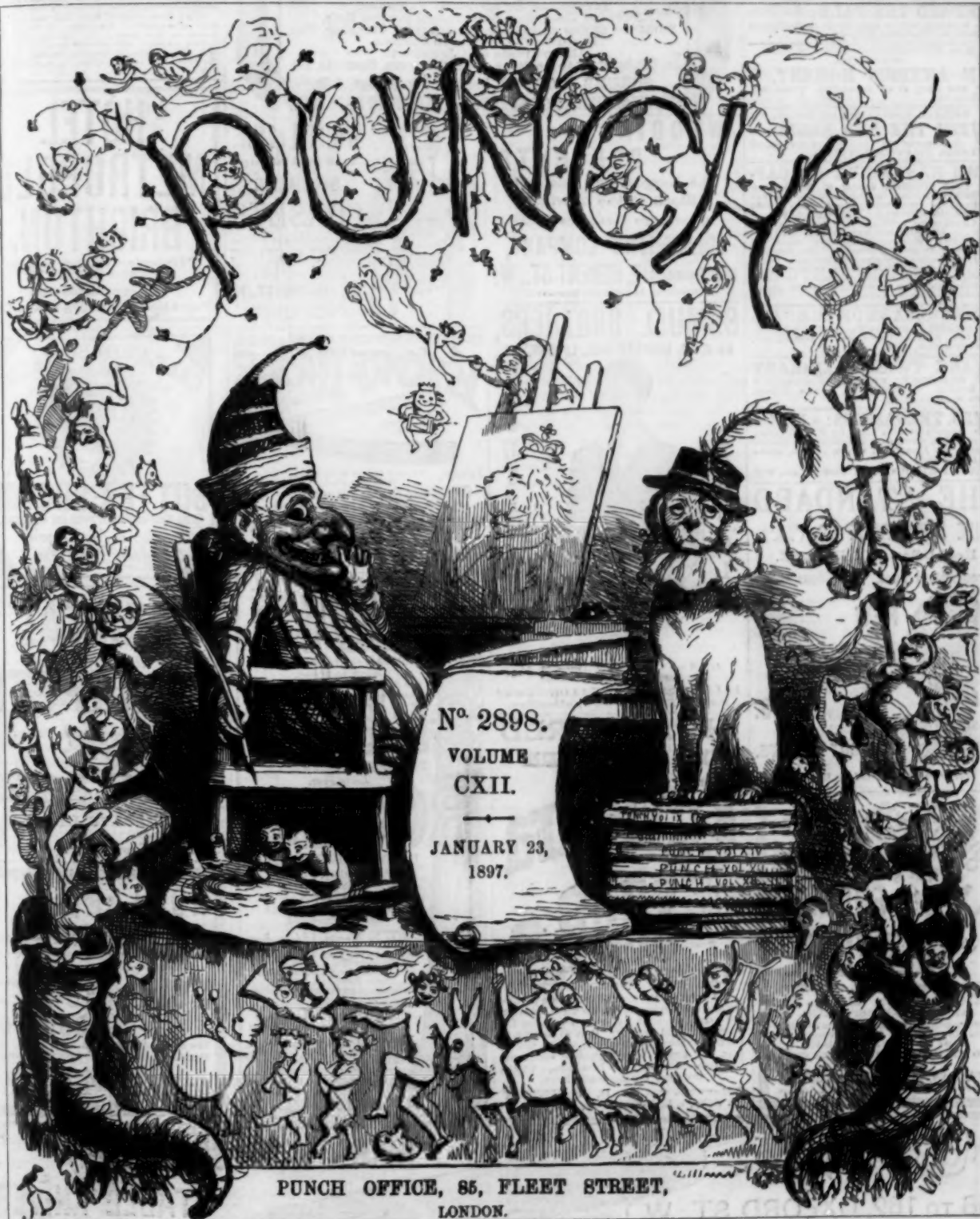
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Mr. Dibbles (at Balham). "AH, THE OLD CHANNEL TUNNEL SCHEME KNOCKED ON THE HEAD AT LAST! GOOD JOB TOO! MAD-HEADED PROJECT—BEASTLY UN-PATRIOTIC TOO!"

Mr. Dibbles (en route for Paris. Sea choppy). "CHANNEL TUNNEL NOT A BAD IDEA. ENTIRE JOURNEY TO PARIS BY TRAIN. GRAND SCHEME! ENGLISH PEOPLE BACKWARD IN THESE KIND OF THINGS. STEWARD!" [Goes below.]

#### MR. TOM COLLINS, LATE M.P., AND EUGENE ARAM, DECEASED.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

**Knarborough, Monday.**—SARK tells me that from earliest youth Knarborough has possessed for him two overpowering attractions. One lingers round EUGENE ARAM, with whom, of course, he had no personal acquaintance. The other centres upon TOM COLLINS, first returned to Parliament for Knarborough in the Exhibition year. For a while, in the stress of political weather, Tom migrated to Boston, representing that borough from 1868 to the General Election in 1874, when he temporarily disappeared from the Parliamentary scene. He came back with the blossoms of May in 1881, Knarborough once more having elected its distinguished townsman.

SARK well remembers TOM COLLINS's reappearance. It was in the time of trouble about BRADLAUGH and the oath he at first wouldn't take and then persistently demanded. WILFRID LAWSON had his little joke at the expense of the unsuspecting THOMAS. When the new Member for Knarborough presented himself at the table, and claimed to take the oath, Sir WILFRID, textually following a proposal earlier made by STAFFORD NORTH-COTE in the case of BRADLAUGH, moved for "a Select Committee to ascertain the views of the new Member on the question of the sanctity of an oath."

This was fun to the House, but it was nearly death to TOM COLLINS. Brought up in the odour of sanctity—his father was either rector or vicar of Knarborough—T. C. found himself under the awful suspicion of being even as BRADLAUGH. He was assailed with remonstrance and advice from well-meaning persons in all parts of the country. Tracts were thrust into his hands as he left the Commons. Occasionally he found two or three in the voluminous recesses of his umbrella. The climax was reached when a petition was forwarded to him on behalf of BRADLAUGH asking him to present it. After suffering in silence for a space of nearly two months, he one day rose and claimed the indulgence of the House whilst he made a personal statement repudiating the insinuation of Sir WILFRID.

The House never took TOM seriously, and roared with laughter throughout his lachrymose lament.

As for WILFRID LAWSON, he was incorrigible. There was talk at this time about the long delay following upon the Knarborough Election before the new Member came to take his seat.

"Very odd," said Sir JOHN MOWBRAY, "that TOM COLLINS doesn't turn up."

"Not at all," said Sir WILFRID; "he's waiting for an excursion train."

This jibe was founded upon rumour, probably as groundless as that about his views on the sanctity of an oath, that T. C. was, not to put it too strongly, penurious in his habits. He certainly did not waste money upon his tailor. It was his boast that the COLLINS family had lived in Knarborough for two hundred years. The cut and the decayed colour of his evening suit suggested that it had been a heirloom for at least half that period. But his dress-coat was quite a gay young thing compared with his umbrella. It was credibly asserted that this was the third structure of the kind made in England. Faded to dust-colour, it was tied midway with a piece of tape, a restriction it resented by bulging forth in a series of gingham carbuncles.

TOM and his umbrella were inseparable. Wet or fine he always carried it with him, nor would he trust the precious relic to the chances and changes of the cloak-room. He brought it into the lobby and carefully deposited it behind the chair of the principal doorkeeper, holding him personally responsible for its safety. It was after reposing in what he fondly believed was a place of security that T. C. one night found his old companion stuffed with a bundle of tracts, detailing with graphic power the downward course and ultimate end of an atheist.

SARK was recalling these things as we stood this afternoon on the site of Knarborough Castle, looking on the beautiful scene spread around, with the river flashing far below beneath the bare trees. There is singularly little left of the Castle; a cluster of roofless rooms over a ruined gateway; here and there a bit of bowed wall, standing up like the fangs of a mammoth jaw. We see the old church, the peerless bridge, the houses clambering up the hill, growing quite red in the roof with the effort. On the pleased reflection suddenly breaks a voice. A boy had followed us as we made the tour of the Castle. Now he came to a halt, and, with faraway look, began to reel off some topographical details snipped, as he subsequently confessed, from a guide-book.

He was the oddest automaton I ever saw in biped form. His waistcoat, unbuttoned, disclosed the poverty of a single brace. One hand was thrust in his pocket, the other hung limp at his side. With eyes fixed on the horizon, and total absence of expression on his face, he began to tell how the castle was built in 1017; how it was destroyed by CRUMWELL; how, near by, was the Dropping Well; also the cave of Mother SHIPTON, who had prophesied, amongst other things, that carriages would some day cross the bridge without horses.

"She meant the railways," said the Oracle, parenthetically, without variation of tone or withdrawal of his gaze from the horizon. Further prophecy portended that after the said bridge had fallen three times, the end of the world would come.

"It's broke down twice," said the Oracle, absolutely unmoved at the imminence of catastrophe.

"A mile distant is the cave where EUGENE ARAM murdered HOUSEMAN. This Castle was built in 1017 and was destroyed by CRUMWELL." The wretched boy had evidently started off again, the words he uttered having no meaning for him. The circle completed, he went on, like the donkey going round and round in the track drawing water from a well.

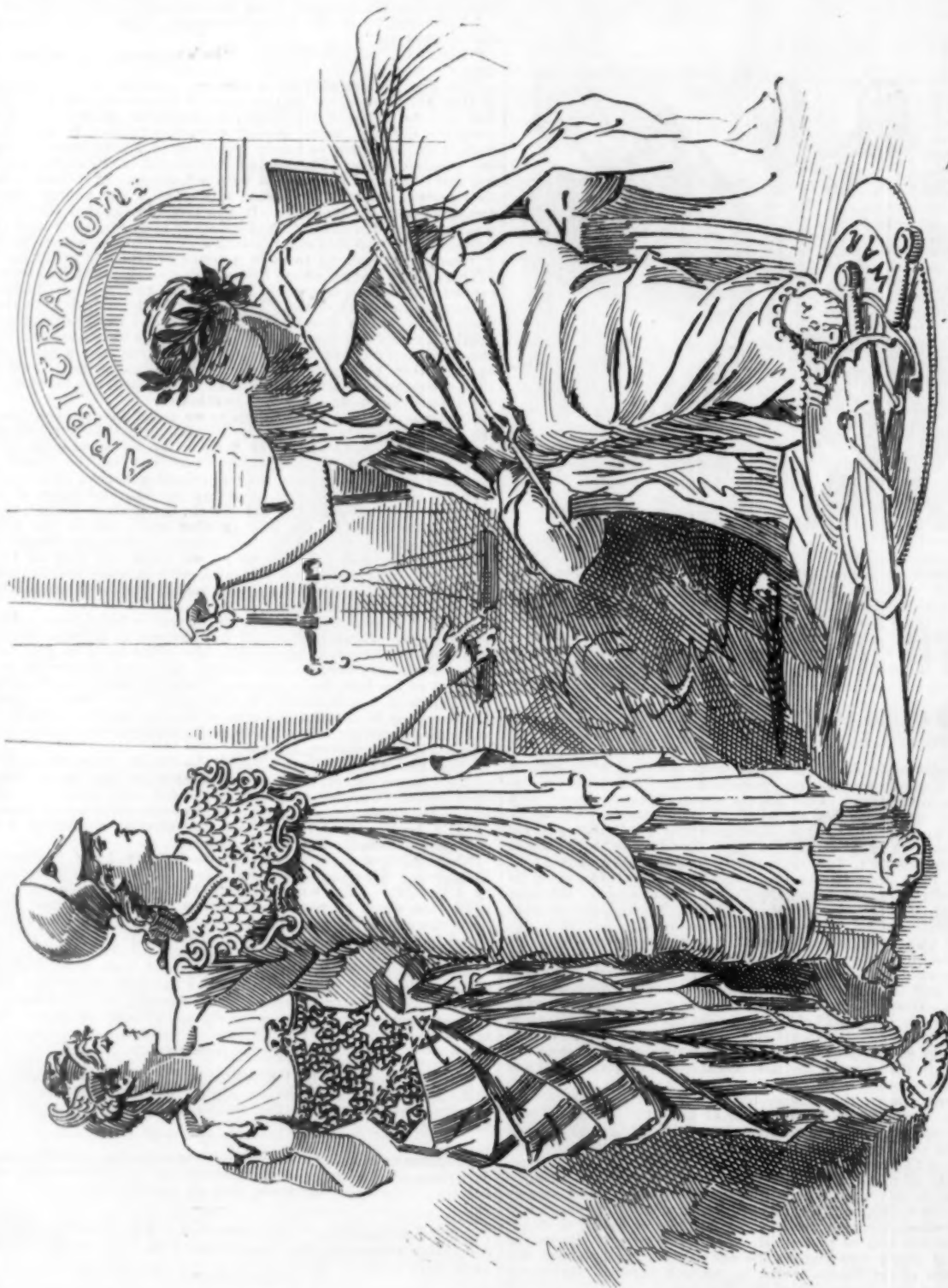
"Drop a penny in the slot," said SARK. So the boy's mouth being at the moment wide open, stuffed with details about Mother SHIPTON, I inserted twopence. He snapped his chops to secure it, and, en route to Westminster, where to-morrow the new Session opens, we went on to see the cave where EUGENE ARAM murdered HOUSEMAN.

HOW-DAH THEY?—The "Elephant and Castle" is threatened with demolition. And yet we always thought that the Elephant's safest home—like that of the Briton—was his castle at Newington.

SHAKESPEARE adapted to the recent interruptions at the confimations of His Grace of Canterbury and of His Lordship of London, "Methinks, my lords, they do protest too much."

THE "KENTISH FIRE" COAL-ITION.—For convenient quotation and future reference, the "Kent Coast Coal Co." should initial itself thus, "The K. K. K. K."

A PLACE WHERE THE SWITCHBACK AND BLOCK SYSTEMS ARE ADMIRABLY COMBINED.—Eton College



### KITH AND KIN.

[The Anglo-American General Arbitration Treaty was signed on January 11, 1897.—Important Events of the World.]



## 'WARE HOUNDS!

Huntsman (exasperated by field of thrusters out for a gallop). "THAT'S RIGHT, GENTLEMEN—JUMP ON 'EM!—JUMP ON 'EM! THEY'RE A CONFOUNDED NUISANCE, AIN'T THEY?"

## THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FAMILY TREE.

Just a year has gone by since *Punch* celebrated  
The Anglo-American Family Tree;  
Not long for first-fruit of his hope has he waited,  
The end that last year appeared vain to foresee.  
Storm-clouds were then looming, and threatened to shatter  
The Tree that had stood for a thousand long years;  
MONROE and his doctrine seemed destined to scatter,  
Not bind its twin branches in two hemispheres.  
Twere "previous," may be, to rejoice while the Senate  
Hangs back and still holds the Great Treaty unsigned;  
Yet the best of two nations have settled to pen it,  
Though "Silver" and Populist tongues be unkind.  
The good old "R. A." has begun by electing  
Two Yankees to honour that Art has in store;  
Let us hope the example will soon be infecting  
Our once-removed cousins on New England's shore!  
What achievement than this more resplendent, more glorious,  
Were wrought for the Diamond Year of our Queen?  
To make Peace in Victoria's era victorious,  
World-wide, like our Family Tree, evergreen!  
Q.E.F. save for an occasional "Punitive Expedition," just to keep one's  
hand in.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SINCE *Jos Sedley* ceased to be Collector of Boggley Wollah, came home to England, and didn't marry *Becky Sharp*, we hear little of Collectors, or District Officers, as they are called in parts of India not adjacent to Boggley Wollah. One, Colonel BARROW, having accomplished his modestly veiled, but really important share of governing India, has compiled a little volume showing exactly what is an Indian District, and how it is governed. Lord DUFFERIN, who has been reading the work, testifies that intimate acquaintance with the machinery of the administration of a District, made possible by Colonel BARROW, "helps one very far towards understanding one of the great mysteries of the age, the government of India." THE BARON.

## THE EFFECT OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

We cull (and use the term in strictly orthodox fashion) the following advertisement from a contemporary:—

COACHMAN-GARDENER.—Wanted Country Situation. Ride and drive vines, roses, chrysanthemums, carnations, &c. Best testimonials, boots.

Here is an unfortunate Jehu, one of the race of None-ahy, compelled to solicit employment, indubitably by reason of the introduction of the motor-car, "to ride and drive" the choicest specimens of horticulture. We have heard of Puck on Pegasus, but never before of even a fairy gardener who could urge his career on anything vegetable except thistle-down. Probably the best subject for the "coachman-gardener" to tackle would be none of the blooms which he mentions, but that glory of Bushey Park, the horse-chestnut.

## EGOIST ECHOES.

On what subject must a man be tart?  
Art!  
Who on other's Art-work is the tartist?  
Artist!  
What writes he without of taste one particle?  
Article!  
What of RHADAMANTHUS he—on paper?  
Aper!  
What pens he, this ZOILUS sour and scrubbish?  
Rubbish!  
At what is he good, besides smart slating?  
Hating!  
What to true High Art deems he High Treason?  
Reason!  
What style supersedes the fair and placid?  
Acid!  
What shows courtesy a dolt's distemper?  
Temper!  
What will prove you free from critic crudeness?  
Rudeness!

ONLY TO BE MADE IN ENGLAND.—The Indian Famine Fund.





Little Boreham (relating his Alpine adventures). "THERE I STOOD, THE TERRIBLE ABYSS YAWNING AT MY FEET—"  
That Brute Brown. "WAS IT YAWNING WHEN YOU GOT THERE, OR DID IT START AFTER YOU ARRIVED?"

### LOS JINGOS AMERICANOS.

MUY SEÑOR MIO,—Unto the Campos Eliseos, where I am now sojourning, the news from my country come more quickly than in past days they travelled from Villarta to Argamasilla de Alba. Therefore, I receive intelligence of the war in the island of Cuba. *Dios de bondad, qué guerra!* What a war, what a general! If only I could go there with my faithful squire and my good *Rocinante*, I would fight the *canalla infame* as I fought the monstrous giants, whom poor, ignorant SANCHO PANZA called windmills! Even SANCHO would not wish to be governor of the island of Cuba.

But it is not of this that I write to your honour, *á vuestra merced*, Señor Don Punch. There is across the ocean, beyond the Azores islands, even as far as Cuba, a certain country discovered by one CHRISTOPHER COLON, a worthy navigator. This country is inhabited by a wild and savage people, the Americanos, ruled by certain

chief men, or *senadores*, who are called "jingos" in their barbarous language. The "jingos" is usually a madman. *Válame Dios!* Such is the custom of the country. And of these wild *senadores* the greatest is one Jingo CHANDLER. There is also Jingo MILLS and Jingo CALL. They are not *caballeros*, and therefore I, Don QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA, of the order of the knights-errant, despise them. If it could be, I would send my faithful squire with a stout cudgel to cure their madness. But he cannot depart from the Campos Eliseos.

Therefore, Señor Don Punch, I write now to your honour these few words of warning to your country. I hear that your people love the Americanos, so much even that they always yield to them, and would almost kiss their boots, which is not dignified for a great nation. Do the Americanos love your people? Have they not still in their pockets the surplus of the millions of *pestas* given to them when they complained of the ship *Alabama*? Have they not still in their pockets the

thousands of *pestas* which they ought to have paid to the English for some dispute in the distant sea of Behring? After an arbitration, to whichever side the judges may award them, are not the *pestas* always in the pockets of the Americanos? One of the knights-errant of ancient days said, in the Latin tongue, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" I would speak likewise, but the Americanos never bring gifts. Nevertheless, your nation, still yielding to the Americanos, wishes now always to decide their disputes in this manner. *Caramba!* Will the English submit everything to the Jingos CHANDLER, MILLS, and CALL?

Some, even of my friends, have said that I was mad. But I was not so mad as these violent leaders of the Americanos. And neither these jingos nor I could be half so mad as the English must be if they believe that the Americanos love them as brothers.

Of your honour the most affectionate servant,  
QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA.

### POOR OLD DIBDIN!

THE SONG OF THE DOUBTING SAILOR-MAN.

["His verse is rough, his sentiment affected, his nautical knowledge extremely slender." "Such facts as we know about him tell us that he was never at sea in all his life, and we are asked if the set of stupid and drunken mountebanks of whom he trills were the men who won our empire."—*Mr. Quiller Couch and the "Daily Chronicle" on Dibdin, "the sailor-man's poet."*]

AIR—"Tom Bowling."

HERE a sheer fraud lies poor old DIBDIN,  
Late darling of each crew!  
No more we'll sing the songs he fibbed in.  
He's been shown up by Q.  
His "form" was fudge; he was "a beauty!"  
Sea-lawyer, sham, and "soft."  
He never went on main-deck duty!  
He never climbed aloft!

Old DIBDIN ne'er from shore departed,  
His humbug was so rare!  
His "Jack" we held so gallant-hearted,  
Was just a drunken bear.  
We've called him plucky, generous, jolly,  
Ah! many's the time and oft!  
But Q. informs us 'twas sheer folly.  
Jack was a swab, a soft!!!

Yet DIBDIN has made pleasant weather  
For sailors in all lands.  
We cannot "chuck" him altogether  
At Mister Q.'s commands.  
KIPLING, maybe, the tar's ear catches,  
At DIBDIN Q. hath scoffed.  
But though Q. shoves him under hatches,  
His fame still sounds aloft.

### At the Play.

*Araminta.* Why, dearest, do you call those witticisms, which the comedians deliver with such ready humour, "gags"?  
*Corydon (the playwright).* Because they always stifle the author.

[Smiles no more during the evening.]

### Honours Uneasy.

"THE pen is mightier than the sword, men say.  
Not to get New Year Honours or high pay!  
The only "Pen" whose claims our rulers reck  
Is not the one which writes, but draws—a cheque.

No RISK WHATEVER.—"A safe robbery.

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

*A Poetic Philosopher, "slumming" in the East End, comes upon a reminiscence of a day that has gone for ever.*

WHEN all the sky is thick and foul,  
And hidden is the light of day,  
When whistles yell and drivers howl,  
I love to wend my silent way  
'Mid murky crowds down dirty streets,  
Where costers ply their roaring trade,  
Where cast-off garments jostle sweets,  
And gin hobnobs with gingerade.

Great flashes, orange, tawny, red,  
Break through the gloom with fitful flare,  
And swell the curtain overhead,  
Eager its murky folds to share—  
In raucous tones the butcher bawls  
Of wondrous "bits" of flesh and bone,  
Where, heaped upon the reeking stalls,  
Is meat most oxen would disown!

The pungent perfume of the fish,  
Anointed with some midnight oil,  
Blends bravely with the steaming dish  
Of whelks or winkles on the boil.  
The scent of fruit regales the nose,  
The crack of nuts salutes the ear,  
And fizzling sausages suppose  
Cheap banquets that the poor hold dear.

Yes; all are poor, the poor who live  
Only to strive to keep their breath,  
And check the water through the sieve  
That daily holds the hand of Death.  
Mark how their eager gaze will note  
This wealth of garbage spread around,  
How some lean loon without a coat  
Will spend a farthing like a pound!

Food for the mind I also view,  
A barrow full of prose and rhyme,  
A holocaust of thought once new,  
Made aged by the lapse of Time.  
Names famous joined with those that died  
Without a gleam of Fortune's sun—  
Yet all successful: side by side  
Are SHAKESPEARE and the poet BUNN!

A stout Apostle of the Few,  
A votary of pen and ink,  
Must to his creed and cult be true,  
Though other authors "wheel" and  
"rink."

I may not buy the meat that's red,  
The winding winkle must refuse,  
But some fair book I'll take instead,  
And pay a tribute to the Muse!

This shall be mine—a quarto tome,  
That once was gay with gold and green,  
An Ishmael that's strayed from home,  
At two-pence it is cheap, I ween.  
I open it—my eyes grow dim—  
My famous drama, *Golden Crest!*—  
Unacted, yet inscribed, "From him  
to Her he always will love best."

## On the District Railway.

THE MAC TAVISH enters a compartment at the unholy hour of 9 A.M., and is greeted with a chorus of, "Hallo! what brings you out so early?" Replies the exiled chieftain, "I'm bound to put in an appearance at the Auld Baillie." General silence, and search of newspaper information. "The while," continues the Laird, "I'm summoned on the Grand Jury, and by St. Andrew! wud I'd to find true bills against every fause chiel in this same railway machine!"

The MAC TAVISH's wrath is only appeased by the provident discovery on the part of one of the doomed passengers of a flask of the dew, which never failed to restore a Highlander's spirits.



"SWEET LAVENDER!"

## A BIRD STORY.

DEAR SIR,—We possess a jackdaw named *Jock*, who is accomplished in all the tricks of his tribe. This amusing old fellow has recently shown a startling proof of intelligence. He had been distinctly seedy for some time, and we hardly knew what to do for him. Little did we guess his own resourcefulness! My wife takes "Carper's Little Liver Pills," and missed a box from the shelf where she is accustomed to place them. As *Jock* is a star of the first magnitude in purloining trifles, we suspected him, and, sure enough, caught him in the very act of taking two of the pills. Feeling that the creature's reasoning faculty (I dislike the word instinct!) was a sure guide in the matter, we furnished him with three more boxes of pills. I feel quite satisfied myself that he took them regularly according to the directions, as he is now in perfect health.

Yours always, A. JAY.

QUERY BY AN OLD TOPER.—Why should not the axiom "No heel-taps" be applied to Rugby football?

## Riverain Music and Law.

[The *Daily Telegraph* says that the noises on the Thames disturb the lawyers of the Temple, and that process will ensue.]

THEY say some preparation  
Will be made for orchestration  
Of the melodies that nobody begrudges.  
But we only hope that those  
Who this concert diagnose  
Will curtail the many solos of the judges.

NOT TO BE BEATEN BY THE GAUL.—Our irrepressible joker (not yet captured) writes, "The French may talk of their Mussulman Deputy, Dr. PHILIPPE GRANIÈRE, but I beg to point out that years ago we had our muscle-man M.P. in the person of ex-prizefighting GULLY, representative of Pontefract at St. Stephen's."

NOTE BY OUR THOUGHTFUL THEATRICAL CENSOR.—Mr. OSCAR BARRETT is a lad in who has been too long a lad out at Drury Lane.

PETTY LAW-CENY.—Solicitors' fees.



## AN AMENDMENT.

*Vera.* "WHAT MUST I DO ABOUT THE BILLSOMES' DANCE? I DISLIKE THE BILLSOMES, AND I DON'T WANT TO GO."

*Phyllis.* "WELL, SAY YOU REGRET YOU ARE UNABLE."

*Vera.* "WOULDN'T IT BE MORE TRUTHFUL TO SAY I AM UNABLE TO REGRET!"

## SOME INTERESTING DRAMATIC SOUVENIRS.

Mr. PUNCH understands that the following mementoes, documents, &c., illustrating the history of the English Stage during the past sixty years, have already been offered to the Committee of the Drama Section of the Forthcoming Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court.

Autograph Letter, dated 1837, from A. SUPER (then performing at the Adelphi Theatre), accepting invitation to a tripe and onion supper at the "Grimaldi's Head."

Note, dated 1897, in the handwriting of Mr. FITZ-HOWARD WALKERON's private secretary, signed by Mr. F. W. himself, regretting that his onerous duties at the Piccadilly Theatre (where he is playing Second Footman in the First Act) will prevent him from dining with the Duchess of DULBONOUGH, but promising to turn up later in the evening.

Set of Barcelona Nutshells (Early Victorian), presented by the Gallery of Queen Victoria's Own Theatre to Mr. GASPARD MCGURGLE, on the occasion of his first appearance as *The Demon of the Sulphur Swamp*. (Lent by his daughter, Miss CORDELIA MCGURGLE.)

A Bottle of Stage Champagne (vintage 1837, *très sec*), as provided from the Property Room of the Period.

Do. do. (Fizler and Crema, '84, at 75s. per doz.), as supplied for use of choristers in Ball-Room scene at the Limelight Theatre, 1897.

A Complete Series of Curious Costumes, Headgear, &c., worn by representative Sandwichmen from 1870-90. (Lent by the leading Advertisement Contractors.)

Models of Light Refreshments (sandwiches, oranges, buns, porter, gingerbeer, &c.), provided for the consumption of Pit-tites at Leading Theatres. (1840-70.)

Do. do. (Neapolitan ices, chocolate creams, and coffee), supplied to same. (1870-97.)

Basket of Flowers, presented to Miss FIASCA FLUFFINGHAM at conclusion of Second Act of *Damp Squibs* at a *matinée* at the Nullity Theatre. (Lent by Miss F. F.)

Little Account for same (*unreceipted*), presented to Miss FLUFFINGHAM on a subsequent occasion (by the Florist).

Pair of White Berlin Gloves, worn by A. SUPER, in his celebrated character of an Adelphi Guest during the Early Sixties.

Pair of Bright Green Leather Shoes, first introduced by Mr. FITZSUPER in the First Act of *Smarties* at the Decadence Theatre (April 1, 1896), and subsequently copied by his youthful admirers about town.

Managerial Manifesto announcing that "in spite of the phenomenal and stupendous success of the New Drama, *Balderdash*, the management are compelled, in consequence of arrangements previously entered into, to withdraw it at the summit of its popularity."

Do. do., stating "that the new Comedy, *The Dead Horse*, having failed to attract, the theatre will be closed until further notice." (*Rare*.)

Curious specimen of Ancient Theatrical Gag. (From the torture collection of CHESNUTT WHEKE, Esq.)

Catch-phrase, with mechanical application, constructed to produce one hundred laughs of increasing intensity at every performance. (Still in use.)

Presentation Programme, commemorating the 14th Consecutive Evening Performance of an Ibsen Drama. (*Very rare*.)

Folding Campstool (the identical one occupied by Miss PATIENCE LIMPETT outside the Pit Door of the Lyceum Theatre for ten hours previous to every first Production under the Present Management).

Handsome Suite of Stage Furniture (occasional table in deal, richly gilt; two chairs, do. do.; one ottoman in striped scarlet and white satin, secondhand; cabinet in canvas and plaster, painted) used for mounting Interior in a Comedy of High Life, circ. 1837-1867.

Several Illustrated Catalogues, containing specimens of real modern and antique furniture in all styles, as supplied for exhibition upon the Modern Stage, and tending to show the immense progress made in Dramatic Art within a comparatively recent period. (Lent by the Manufacturers.)





### A STIFF COURSE.

A. J. B.-I.-R. (*inspecting the jumps*). "THIS IS A NASTY ONE!"  
LORD S.-I.-S.-R. "YES—BUT TOTHER'S NASTIER!"





## WHOSE FAULT?

"HE CAN JUMP BUT HE WON'T!"

## FROM A CLERICAL DIARY.

December 26, 10 A.M.—Must work hard at the January number of our *Puddleton Parish Magazine* this morning. Horrid nuisance, especially as I had wanted to get away for a short holiday after my hard work at Christmas. The average circulation of the magazine is only about seventy-five, and there is invariably a deficit on it for the year, which I have to pay. At the same time, perhaps it would hardly be wise to discontinue its appearance. How on earth am I to fill the two pages of "local matter"? Well, anyhow, I must try.

11.30.—Had just begun, by wishing my parishioners a Happy New Year, coupled with the hope that they would support our Blanket Club better, when young HARRY TOMLINSON came in. HARRY lives in London, where, according to his own account, he works as a journalist, though I never could discover to what papers he contributed. He is staying with his father, our village doctor, for Christmas, and came to pay his respects to me. I was obliged to tell him that I was busy, and explained the nature of my occupation. In the most good-natured way, he offered to relieve me of my work. "Seventy-five copies a month!" he exclaimed, when I had told him about the magazine; "why, if you'll let me run the thing for a time, I'll multiply the circulation by ten!" Doubtless he is over-sanguine, but still, as a journalist, he knows far more about these matters than myself. Accordingly, I have handed over to him a report of the school treat, and the figures of the offertories (sadly low, as usual) for the last month, and asked him to urge the duty of liberal giving upon our readers, beside making the magazine as attractive in other ways as possible. "Don't fret yourself, old cock," were his parting words. "I'll make the thing simply hum!" HARRY is rather given to slang, I fear, but undeniably he has a kind heart. I start on my holiday to Eastbourne this afternoon.

Eastbourne, January 1.—HARRY's confidence in himself was not misplaced, after all. Early this afternoon I received a telegram from our Puddleton stationer, which ran: "Whole edition (150) of magazine sold out. Orders for two hundred more. Shall we reprint?" Of course I answered, "Yes." What a talent that young man must have! Feel quite anxious to see the magazine. With a sale, say, of three hundred a month, it will bring us in a nice little profit at the end of the year.

January 2.—Most astounding and unpleasant letters from

home this morning—all abusing me fiercely on account of the magazine, and several of them saying that actions for libel would be brought against me. What can have happened? Must return home at once.

Later.—I can hardly hold a pen for indignation. That young scoundrel has ruined me! The magazine consists of a string of offensive personalities. Here are a few of the paragraphs in it:—

"The offertories were very low last month. We may inform Mrs. Mieson that, in spite of her attempt to conceal the coin in her glove, we are quite aware that it is a penny, and not a half-crown, which forms her weekly contribution. Even if she wants more of her money to defray her wine-merchant's bill, she ought to give more than this."

"Remarkable event! Our readers who were not in church on Christmas Day will hardly believe us when we say that Mr. DIXON wore a *really dean collar* on that occasion. Such extravagance on his part is, we believe, quite without precedent. As he is in a reforming mood, why doesn't he give his wife a new wig? Her present one is very ugly, and wouldn't deceive a cow."

"Miss LAVINIA JOHNSON (whose *real* age, let it be known, is forty-five, if it's a day) was again escorted home on Sunday by Captain PECKHAM. Fie, fie, LAVINIA! Remember we have our eye upon you!"

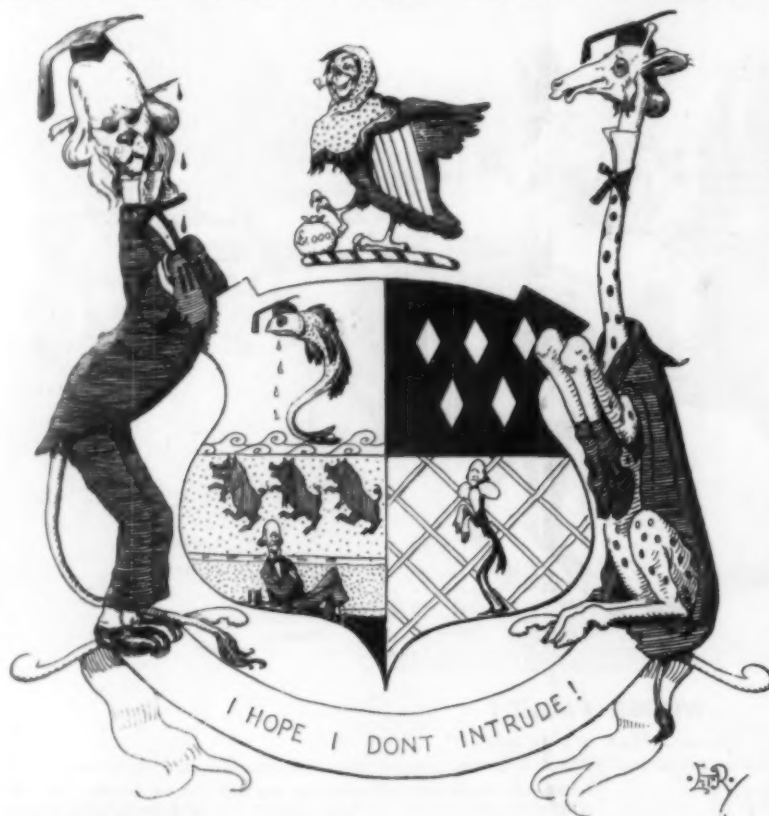
"The Lord Bishop of the Diocese will preach in the parish church on January 24. We strongly recommend all sufferers from insomnia to be present on this occasion. His Lordship's sermons have been known to cure the most obstinate cases. By the way, why doesn't his Lordship *pad his calves*?"

January 4.—When I called on the perpetrator of these outrages, he had the effrontery to say that he had only carried out my wishes by making the magazine readable, and by increasing its circulation. This only could be done, he added, by imparting a flavour of the New Journalism to it, which he had accordingly given it.

This morning's post brought me a letter from my patron, suggesting that I should resign the living at once, and another from the Bishop, asking for an immediate interview.



# 'READY-MADE' COATS-(OF-ARMS): OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



BARON L.-CKY OF DUBLIN.

*Arms:* Quarterly; 1st, a highly cultured fish'out of water guttée de larme; 2nd, on a field(-night), five losenges emollient for the voice; 3rd, on a ministerial bench highly proper a sage of renown souffrant under a surfeit of bores rampant; 4th, on ground repugnant frothy a lecky-daisy or Irish sensitive plant verdant (green). *Crest:* An Irish harpy surcharged financially on the pounce proper. *Supporters:* Dexter, a British lion (L.L.D.) of literature indented sable, and suitably arrayed in gants-de-suède and shoes elastically aided; sinister, an heraldic camelopard sejant flexed at all joints, academically habited, collared, capped, and gowned.

## OH, LOR! OR, THE WAYS OF OUR WATER-WAGS.

(Some way after Southey's "Lodore.")

How do our Water-wags worry and bore?  
Here they come laughing, and there they come chaffing,  
And here they come growling, and there they go scowling;  
They wrangle and squabble,  
And get in a hobble;  
They haggle along  
With language that's strong.  
With wise wag and nod irate  
Maunders the Moderate;  
With anger excessive  
The porky Progressive,  
Of purchase importunate,  
Proclaims it unfortunate  
That dwindling majority  
Impairs his authority.  
And so they go bothering, and pothering,  
And "sothering,"  
And bah! you're obstructive!—and yah!  
you're anothering!  
With endless tongue-wagging  
Continuously nagging,  
And bragging, and gagging, and fagging,  
and lagging,

And jeering, and sneering, and yapping,  
and snapping,  
And fiercely hear-hearing, and stormily  
clapping,  
Orating and prating, and mutually slating.  
What time for sound water supply London's waiting.  
Till we wish 'twere all o'er  
With the endless uproar!  
That's how our water-wags worry and bore!

### At Aylesbury.

*First Sportsman.* First we drew a blank and then we had a check.

*Second ditto (who is financially feeble).* Why on earth didn't you unite the two, and bring the result back to me?

"MADE IN GERMANY."—A curious mistake on the part of swarms of ultra-patriotic Teutons, who emigrate to America, and avoid that glorious military service which alone makes a German a gentleman, and gives him the right to slay his non-military compatriot without serious consequences. They possibly consider the United States "the happy farther-land," whither they go and fare better.

## A NEW "ADDRESS TO THE DEIL."

(A long way after 'Robbie Burns.)

On, thou! whatever name, great Sir,  
Prince Lucio, or plain Lucifer,  
As up-to-date, thou may'st prefer,—  
They're name great catches,  
Whether derived frae classics or  
Frae brimstone matches!—

Hear me, great Alias, for a wee!  
The leddies winna let thee be.  
Ye'd think sma' pleasure it could gie,  
E'en to she-novelist,  
To drag thee frae the obscuritee  
Wherein thou grovellest.

But leddies wi' an eye to fame,  
Take leeberties wi' thy dread name,  
Thy wanderings frae thy woefu' hame,  
Lang fixed afar;  
Painting thee neither black, nor lame,  
As auld fients are.

True, WULLIE SHAKESPEARE ance did say  
Thou wert "a gentleman." But to-day  
The leddies him thee masher gay,  
Modish and maudlin',  
Weel-groomed, about the public way  
Daundering and dawdlin'.

The Prince of Darkness as a dude,  
Callow and-cantin', crass and crude,  
Compound of prater, prig, male-prude,  
And minor poet,  
Is—weel, I wadna' here intrude  
The word—ye know it!

MILTON and GOETHE whyles might summon  
Thine image forth, a graund, grim,  
glum 'un;

But 'tis beyond the scribblin' woman  
Wi' truth to paint ye.  
She'll mak ye a reedeeculous rum 'un,  
Unsex, half saint ye!

Thrasonic Bobadil the bard,  
Wha deems Parnassus his backyard,  
Tried to invoke thy presence—hard;  
As did great "Festus."  
But somehow their attempts, ill-starred,  
Scarce centerest us.

They havena' the true grit and grup  
In mighty shape to raise ye up.  
They wha'd on genuine horrors sup,  
An' scare a body,  
Are not inspired by raw pork-chop,  
An' whuskey-toddy.

But oh! a leddy-novelist's Deil  
Wad scarcely gar a bairnie squeel!  
Like HORSFURN's "sarcenet oath," we feel  
It hath nae terror.  
Is lathen dagger ta'en for steel  
A greater error?

Sorrows o' Satan! Aye, good lack!  
'Tis bad to paint ye owre black;  
But thus whitewash ye! Oh! quack! quack!  
His truest "sorrow"  
Satan from the she-scribbler's knack  
Must surely borrow.

Weel, fare-ye-weel, Auld Nickie-Ben!  
Ye've borne some wrangs at hands o' men,  
But frae the writing-woman's pen,  
She-poet-prophet,  
Gude luck deliver ye—and then  
Ye'll no dread Tophet!

PEASE-PUDDING HOT FOR THE I. L. P.—  
The Keir-Hardie Norseman of the implacable I. L. P. does not seem to have taken much by his headlong anti-Liberal charge in the North. The Cleveland voters appear to be "Pease-at-any-price men."

NOTE BY OUR OWN INDEFATIGABLE AND  
IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (still dodging).—Q.  
What is the gem most appreciated by an  
association football player? A. The toe-  
pass, of course.

## CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

(Received through the Dead Letter Office.)

["It is understood that the statue of the late JOHN BRIGHT, recently erected in the Central Hall at Westminster, has been sent back to the studio of the artist who fashioned it."—*Evening Paper.*]

WHAT! what! what! Eh! eh! eh! Well, it might be worse! I wish I could get away from the end of Pall Mall West. What! what! what! But who would take care of my horse? Eh! eh! eh! What! what! what!

(Signed) G-EGE THE THIRD.

The influence of the unseen upon Art is noticeable in the garden adjoining the Temple Station of the District Railway. Now for some years I have been seated on a music-stool from which I would have risen if I could. But the foliage conceals me from public view—in the summer time. And yet the cabmen laugh as if moved to merriment by some absurdity in their immediate neighbourhood. It is the influence of the unseen.

(Signed) J-HN ST-RT M-LLE.

Ship ahoy! Now, you landlubbers, as you are allowing us to go ashore, why should not I get down from my mast-head? You put up ladders to cover me with laurels and other evergreens last October. I hoped then to be able to be off. But no, you kept me with my face turned towards the Thames. I am tired of trying to see what they are having for dinner at the Grand Hotel by looking down the kitchen chimney. So, ship ahoy! Every man should do his duty. So take me down and let me go to the Adelphi to see TERRISS in *Black Eye'd Susan*. Ship ahoy!

(Signed) N-LS-N AND BR-NTE.

For nearly two centuries I have been pointing my baton at the cats behind the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall, now given over to the members of the Royal United Service Institution. I have worn during that lengthy period the scanty costume of an early Roman. I am weary of a stony existence, and not even the conversation of the workmen building the *anneze* to the office of the Charity Commissioners interests me. So let me go home to the ruined studio of the wretched sculptor who fashioned me.

(Signed) J-M-S THE SECOND.

I was greatly pleased when I heard that a statue had been erected to my worthy friend and colleague in the agitation against the Corn Laws, JOHN BRIGHT, in the Houses of Parliament. But I am not sorry that he is going back to his native studio. The public never appreciate us. I myself have been standing somewhere in Camden Town in the line of route of the yellow 'busses for a long time. I am a sort of shelter for passengers on foot attempting to escape from passing cabs and furniture vans. And those who seek protection abuse Free Trade! I notice that is a play upon words, but I assure you it is no joke. Take me away. Let me join my old friend JOHN!

(Signed) R-CH-RD C-BD-N.

I am only a voice. But I can give you my name. You will recognise it as one who has much to be thankful for. Never having had a statue, I need not ask to be taken home.

(Signed) OL-V-R CR-MW-LL.

A "BILL" WE HOPE TO SEE IN CIRCULATION AGAIN VERY SOON.—Lord WILLIAM BERRSFORD.



## HOW WE LIVE NOW.

Prim Old Gentleman. "MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, IT IS HARDLY POSSIBLE FOR ME TO EXPLAIN TO YOU THE NATURE OF THIS—CAUSE CÉLÈBRE, WITHOUT ENTERING INTO DETAILS."

Very Modern Young Lady. "MY DEAR MAN, WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR! WHY, I READ THE PAPER EVERY MORNING!"

## On EXMOOR.

Hurdles (who always hunts with the stag, to Curdles, who affects the fox). Again I didn't see you out to-day.

Curdles. No. I've no time to put a penny on the slot. I prefer a certainty. [Gallops off triumphantly to the Valley of Rocks.]

## The Amenities of a Flat.

Lady MacSwitcher (who happens to be in the kitchen responding to the whistle of the lift). Yes! What is it?

Voice from below. Well, old darling, 'ow many loaves shall I send up?

[Cook and baker changed on the same afternoon.]

THE FINE YOUNG "ENGLISH GENTLEMEN."—Some English M.P.'s have been to see ABDUL HAMID, and the *St. James's Gazette* is moved to remark "what a lot of cant there must be about us when ordinary English gentlemen can visit, without any popular disgust, a potentate of whom Mr. GLADSTONE speaks as he does." Mr. PUNCH claims the italics here, for the "gentlemen" who are "ordinary" and "English" are Mr. "TOMMY" BOWLES and Sir ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Yet who would ever have dreamt of dubbing Mr. BOWLES "ordinary"? And as to being "English," has not Mr. PUNCH already presented Sir ELLIS with a "Ready-Made Coats-(of-Arms)" motto, "We came over with the Cunarders"?



## AMENITIES OF SPORT.

Huntsman (to Whip, sent forward for a view). "HAVEN'T YE SEEN HIM, TOM?"  
Huntsman. "IF HE'D BEEN IN A PINT POT, YE JOLLY SOON WOULD!"

Whip. "NO, SIR."

## THE HAIRDRESSER'S REVENGE.

ELIZA mine—fast flow my tepid tears—  
Thou pride of my tonsorial delight!  
What cruel fate that both our young  
careers

A callous parent should attempt to  
blight!

Wild thoughts of murder wander through  
my head,

Fierce indignation thrills me to the core,  
As thou to me art permanently dead,

Revenge is what I ask, and nothing  
more!

So, when thy father comes some sunny  
morn

From his secluded and suburban home,  
To have his scanty tresses deftly shorn

And seek the soft shampoo's alluring  
foam,

Then shall my fury long controlled out-  
burst,

Then shall the vials of my wrath o'erflow  
In one resistless stream—but not at first—

Some method in my madness I will  
show.

With smile polite and expectation bland,  
As is my wont, my victim I will greet,

And with a tender, yet remorseless hand  
I'll tuck him tightly in the wooden  
seat;

But—though his garment I arrange with  
care—

No pad of cotton-wool I'll place to  
check

The constant falling of his withered hair  
In irritating fashion down his neck.

With ghastly glee his hirsute growth I'll  
trim

In manner diabolically planned,  
So that for weeks 'twill be a curse to him,

And straight on end persistently will  
stand;



Then in the basin, stern and uncontrolled,  
His head I'll plunge—he is but half my  
size—

The water shall be very, very cold,  
And all the soap shall get into his eyes.

Next the machine brush in its circling  
course

Shall give expression to my deadly hate,  
What joy to use it with resistless force!

Upon the much-abhorred paternal pate!  
The whirr of busy wheels shall sound aloft,

From my revenge I will not be debarred,  
And though your father's voice may ask

for "soft,"

I certainly intend to give him "hard."

And then—ah! happy thought—while still  
he squirms

And 'neath the brush each tender  
temple smarta,

I'll ask him, and in strong, expressive  
terms,

If he intends to break two loving hearts;  
Resistance will be absolutely vain,

And as his hair I frantically frizz,  
I shall be hoping soon to see again

Your cheerful countenance, my dearest  
'Laz!

LITERARY.—A novel just published is  
called *The Proctor's Wooing*. The Queen's  
Proctor's wooing generally occurs after the  
matrimonial ceremony, so possibly the ro-  
mance is, as suggested by an Oxford cor-  
respondent, the romance of a Bull-dog  
Show.



# THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

'Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all.'

—Tennyson.

'Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When Black Death massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.'—*The Times*.

The Moral:—NATURE IS ONLY SUBDUED BY OBEDIENCE TO HER LAWS.

## PREVENTION.

**HUGE BLUNDER.**—This age, in many points great and intelligent, spends large sums of money in legal strangling of those who cause their fellows violent death, the result of ignorance and a want of control over the passions, while we *calmly* allow MILLIONS to DIE of, and HUNDREDS of MILLIONS to SUFFER from VARIOUS PREVENTABLE DISEASES, simply for want of a proper sanitary tribunal. The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder.

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRIKEN PARTS OF AFRICA.

LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG!

*Eydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.*

'I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last 12 years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED, and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my stomach in order by the USE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I came to this country 8 years ago, and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRIKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of



ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me. I may say, that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the Fly Country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, 'TRUTH,' Nov. 16, 1896.'

THERE IS NO DOUBT that where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the Earliest Stages of a Disease it has in innumerable instances PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on any DISORDERED or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is in fact NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a WORTHLESS IMITATION.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

Martell's

"Three Star"  
Brandy.



GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using **KAHLER** sold only by W. WINTERS, 67, Oxford St., London. Price 2s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair **KAHLER** is invaluable.



**Peptonized Cocoa and Milk**  
MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS  
AND REQUIRING  
NO DIGESTIVE EFFORT  
**SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON**  
(PATENT)  
IN TINS 2/6  
HALF TINS (SAMPLES) 1/6

It is particularly well adapted for medicinal purposes.—*Lancet*, 28 March, 1896.  
**KINAHAN'S  
L. L. AND GLENISLE**  
The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies. | The Finest Scotch Whisky Sold.  
**WHISKIES.**  
GUILDFORD STREET, YORK ROAD,  
LONDON, E.C.

**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING  
**COCOA**

**HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL  
COPENHAGEN  
CHERRY BRANDY.**  
The Best Liqueur.

**PACKHAM'S  
TABLE WATERS**  
ARE MADE WITH  
DISTILLED WATER.  
Manufactured, Gouda.

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**VICHY CELESTINS** Spring

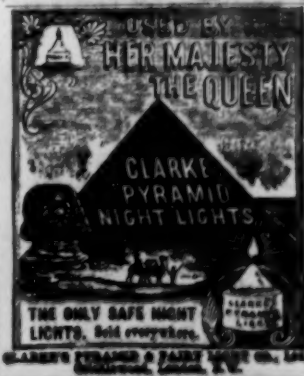
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